

American Junior Red Cross NEWS



November 1948



THANKSGIVING FAVORS—This Junior Red Cross member of Waukegan, Illinois, is glad that her tray of miniature turkeys, decked with gay feathers, will add cheer to the Thanksgiving dinner for patients at a nearby hospital.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to the "News" on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter.

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Thanks + Giving = Thanksgiving

ONCE EACH YEAR a special day is set aside for us to express our thanks for all the good things we enjoy. We will want to think of all our blessings while we celebrate our feast day. "Give us grateful hearts."

We in the United States have so many things for which we should give thanks. We have food, houses to live in, good schools where we can learn. We have a government, too, that gives us many things. Freedom of speech. Freedom of worship. Freedom to go about as we please, so long as we do not harm others. Freedom to vote for our lawmakers.

So the first part of Thanksgiving spells *Thanks*. And that is the first thing we will want to do when Thanksgiving Day comes.

But the second part of the word is just as important. We will also want to show our thanks by giving something to others. "Make us *mindful of the needs of others*."

Many children in other countries are hungry. Many are cold. Many do not have comfortable schools or enough books.

As good Junior Red Cross members, we will have opportunities to show our thanks by giving to others. Every gift box we fill brings joy. Every soft toy we make gives happiness. Every school correspondence album we help to prepare carries our messages of good will.

So on this Thanksgiving Day—1948—let us remember that it takes two words to make the day complete: *thanks—giving*.

November 1-15

THESE ARE the dates suggested for enrolling in the American Junior Red Cross. All you do is for you, yourself, to promise to serve this year with Junior Red Cross, and for your class to earn its 50-cent enrollment fee. Any extra money you give goes into your service fund which is kept in the chapter treasury. You can use that to pay for what you will need during the year to carry on your Junior Red Cross work.

—Lois S. Johnson, editor.

Thanksgiving— Then and Now



MARIAN KING

Illustrations by Lin Freegard

MOST OF US think of Thanksgiving as a holiday that wears the label, "Made in America." True, the turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and other "fixings" are completely American. So is the football game on Thanksgiving afternoon. But the custom of offering thanks to God at a harvest-time celebration is thousands of years old.

The Bible takes us back to the earliest days of man's creation in a story of the first Thanksgiving offering. You remember how Cain and Abel brought the first fruits and vegetables they had grown, and the newborn of their flocks as offerings to God. The Bible also tells us of the story of Moses gathering his people together to give thanks after they had been delivered from slavery.

Many other Bible stories tell of ways in which the ancient Israelites offered their thanks, not only for good harvests, but for all kinds of blessings—victory in battle, the birth of a child, the return of a lost member of a family, rain after a dry spell, or the clearing of the skies after a flood.

DOWN THROUGH the ages, each country in its own way has had Thanksgiving day celebrations. The Greeks, who worshipped many gods and goddesses, offered their thanks to Demeter, goddess of grain. Every October they gathered together for a harvest festival in her honor and her daughter's.

Perhaps you have heard the story of Perse-

phone, the daughter of Demeter. She was the beautiful Greek maiden who was kidnapped by Pluto, god of the lower regions, and taken there as his bride.

Persephone's mother, Demeter, was responsible for making things grow on the earth. But she was so unhappy over the loss of her daughter that she neglected her work. Trees and flowers withered. Crops would not grow. It was a sad time on the earth.

Finally, Demeter appealed to Zeus, the father of Greek gods. He said yes, Persephone might come back to earth, if she had not eaten anything in the lower regions. But, unfortunately, she had eaten six pomegranate seeds.

There was a reason why the Greeks thanked Persephone.



So it was decided that for each seed she had eaten she must stay in the lower world for one month. But, for six months out of the year, she might come back to earth, bringing with her sunshine and warmth so that the seeds buried in the ground might grow and the trees might blossom.

It is easy to see, when you know this story, why the ancient Greeks offered thanks to Persephone, as well as to her mother, Demeter.

Dressing the "Kern Baby" was a quaint old English custom.



THANKSGIVING celebrations something like the Greeks' were held by the Romans. Offerings were made to their goddess, Ceres, from whose name comes our word "cereal."

The Druids of early-day England set aside the first day of November as an occasion to offer thanks. Their harvest celebration was more simple than those held on the large estates of England. Here the owner of the manor called in the harvest-workers as his guests for music, dancing, and feasting.

At Thanksgivings of this kind in Northumberland, the finest sheaf of wheat that had been harvested was dressed up and decorated with colored streamers. It was then known as the "Kern Baby" or "Harvest Queen," and it "reigned" over all the festivities.

A quaint Devonshire custom was known as "the harvest cries." After the wheat had been cut, the harvesters selected a bundle of the finest heads and termed it "the neck." They encircled the oldest man among them, who held the sheaf high. When he gave the signal everyone tossed his hat into the air and shouted "The Neck!" Three times this procedure was followed, after which they changed their cry to "Wee Yen! Way Yen!"

These syllables were chosen, possibly, because of their ringing quality, for it is said that this long cry could be heard a great distance on a clear fall morning.

In early-day Scotland the last sheaf cut in the fields was called "the maiden," because the youngest girl at work was given the honor of cutting it.

THE POLISH harvest celebration, known as the Dozynki Festival, was a colorful ceremony. Older boys and girls, and often their parents, took part in it. Dressed in holiday costumes, the girls made wreaths while the boys gathered bouquets of the last autumn flowers. These decorations were then used to dress a high pile of gleanings and sheaves which they called "the partridge" or "the goat." A slice of bread, a bit of salt, and a coin were placed on it as symbols of plenty.

In Russia, the harvest celebration was, for many centuries, the most important festival of the year. Everybody danced the *khvorod*,

Russian dancers acted out the cycle of planting and harvest.



a dance which acted out the cycle of planting, growth, and harvest.

It is still the custom for most European nations to celebrate the harvest season with rejoicing, song, dancing, and prayer. Such festivities are especially popular among the peasants, for it is they who turn the soil and know the real meaning of a good—or bad—harvest. Each in his native costume, each singing his national song, and dancing his folk dance, gives thanks, sincerely, for the harvest.

WHEN THE Pilgrims came to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620, they brought many thanksgiving memories. Out of these grew the custom of thanksgiving days which the later colonists held.

The first Thanksgiving celebrated in the

New World, at Plymouth in 1621, was a real harvest festival, with feasting, games, and prayers of thanks. Crops had been good, and the fear of starvation which had haunted the little company all through the past year had been driven away. When Governor Bradford

In America the turkey has always been an important part of the feast.



suggested a celebration, they entered into it happily, thankful for the first security they had known in many trying months.

The exact date of this first Thanksgiving is not known, but it is believed to have been sometime in October.

TODAY Thanksgiving is proclaimed by the President of the United States. In this as in many other things dear to the hearts of his countrymen, George Washington was first. In 1789, at the request of Congress, he set aside November 26 as a day of Thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. The

holiday was not universally observed, however.

On January 1, 1795, President Washington issued a second proclamation, setting aside February 19 as a thanksgiving day for "the happy course of our public affairs in general."

The responsibility of proclaiming Thanksgiving passed to the Governors of the states after that, until the time of Lincoln. The custom, however, was continued throughout New England, and gradually became a day of family celebration. It was during these years that Thanksgiving came to be the joyous occasion we sing about in the Thanksgiving song:

*Over the river and through the woods,
To grandmother's house we go.*

Abraham Lincoln issued a national Thanksgiving proclamation in 1864, setting aside the last Thursday in the month of November for the holiday. It has been celebrated on that day ever since, by proclamation of the President of the United States, except in 1939 and 1940. President Franklin D. Roosevelt changed the day to the third Thursday of the month for those two years. This change did not meet with general approval, so the date was set back to the last Thursday in November.

Whether we celebrate Thanksgiving at grandmother's in the country, or in our own homes, it is always a day when very special thoughts should accompany the good things we eat, and the holiday spirit. Everyone, sometime during the day, remembers to say quietly: *"Thanks. Thanks for letting us live in a free country, where there is plenty for everyone—and enough to share with our less fortunate friends in other countries."*

*"Over the river and through the woods,
To grandmother's house we go."*



No Time for Anger

WILLIAM R. DELABAR

Illustrations by Margaret Ayer

USUALLY the little Persian water boy's high-pitched, sing-song chant could be heard above the traffic noises of Teheran.

But, today, only the clattering and clopping of his little white donkey's hoofs on the hot cobblestones announced his coming.

Ali shuffled silently alongside the creaking little two-wheeled cart with its big metal barrel. His brown forehead was wrinkled as he stared at the cobblestones. He was hard at work trying to figure out some way to keep from passing the alley on Shah Reza Street.

Ali looked up suddenly. He saw that he had almost passed Gholam's shop. He tugged at the cart's wooden shaft, and guided the donkey to a stop at the side of the road.

He removed the wooden bucket from the barrel's metal spout at the rear of the cart, and filled it carefully with water. As he carried it into the shop, he made sure he did not spill a single drop. Water, that summer, was more precious to the Persians than gold, for very little snow had fallen in the nearby Elborz Mountains the winter before.

GHOLAM looked up from the abacus on which he was figuring. His grey-bearded old face wrinkled in surprise.

"Salaam, Ali," he greeted. "I did not hear you approach. Has the heat swollen your tongue so that you cannot call out your wares?"

"No," Ali replied truthfully as he emptied his bucket into Gholam's water jar. He did not want to tell Gholam the real reason for his silence.

"But the sun is without mercy today," he added, removing his brown felt skullcap and wiping his tattered coat sleeve across his forehead.

"And how is your father's leg?" Gholam inquired kindly, sliding a *toman* across the counter in payment for the water.

"It heals slowly, thank you," Ali answered.



It was over a month now since his father had hurt his leg.

"Your father is indeed fortunate to have such a fine son," Gholam said. "It is not every *kuchek bache* that would be able to go to the British Legation each day, fill such a large barrel with water, and deliver it safely and correctly."

"Thank you," Ali said, folding the paper money and putting it in his pocket with the few other *tomans*. He wished he had twice as many of them to take home. A great many were needed to feed six mouths and to pay the doctor. Even one more customer would help.

Ali picked up his bucket. He would have liked to linger in Gholam's shop inspecting all the fascinating things that were for sale.

There were huge clanging brass camel bells. There were dainty hand-carved camelbone pins, and mother-of-pearl bracelets with exciting pictures painted on them with a single camel's hair. There were soft, colorful Persian rugs, and all sorts of bright silver candlesticks and jewelry boxes.

But Ali knew he must not linger. He had delayed as long as he could. He knew he'd have to go past that alley sooner or later.

"Good-bye, Gholam," Ali said as he went out.

"Kahda hafiz, Ali," Gholam called after him.

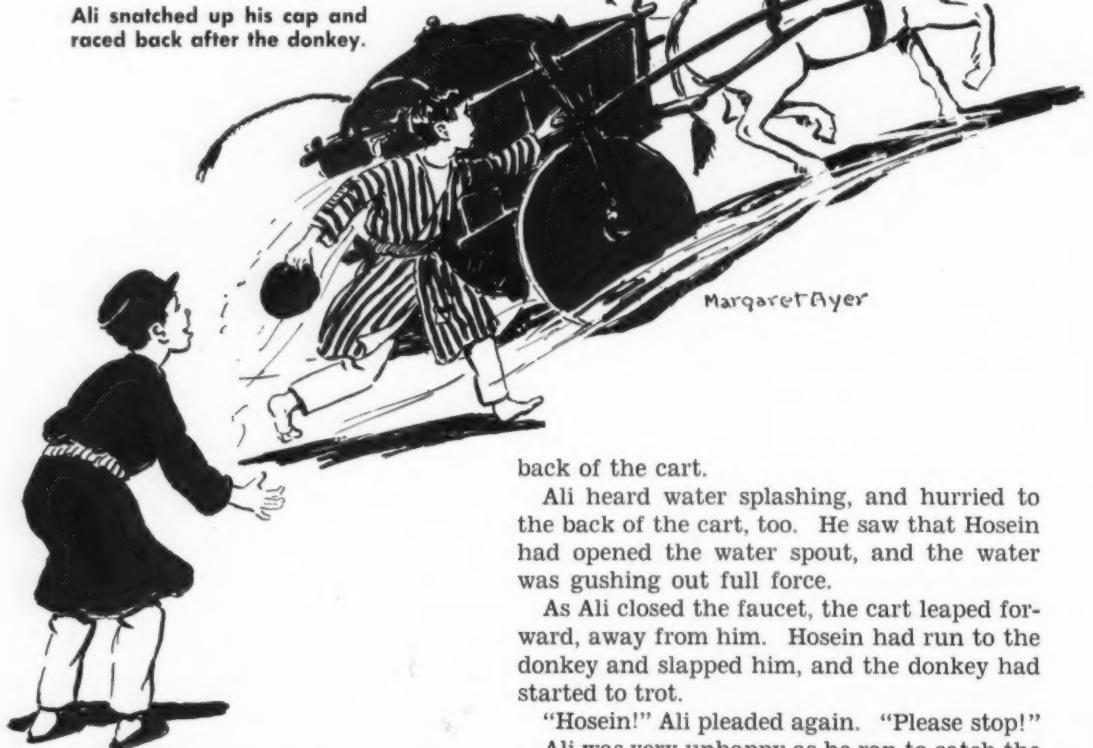
ALI HUNG THE BUCKET back on the spout, and slapped the donkey on the flank. The little animal tugged at the traces and slowly moved the cart forward. Ali slapped him again to hurry him into a trot.

At the next corner, Ali turned the cart into the smooth pavement of Ferdowsi Street. He kept as close as he could to the stonelined irrigation ditch that separated the street from the sidewalk's curb. He didn't want to be bumped by the big blue motorbusses that went whizzing and honking by, filled with jabbering natives.

Ali noticed that many people were squatting beside the ditch that day. There were white-veiled women washing clothes in it, others bathing their children. There were *droshkey* drivers watering their horses, and other people dipping up the water in pots and pans to take into their houses.

Everyone of them, Ali knew, wished he could buy some of Ali's water, for it came down, clear and fresh, from the mountains to the British Legation in an underground tunnel.

Ali snatched up his cap and raced back after the donkey.



But, since they could not spare the money, they had to use the brownish water which came down from the mountains, but flowed through town in the exposed ditch.

Ali was close to the corner now. His heart began to thump as he turned into Shah Reze Street. The entrance to the alley lay just a short distance beyond the intersection.

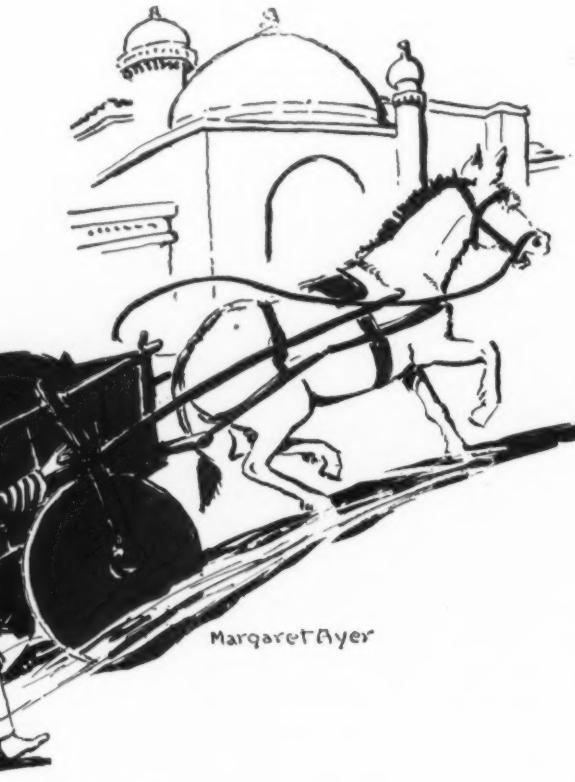
His heart thumped louder as the cart rolled opposite the alley.

"HI-YEE!"

Ali jumped as he heard the dreaded shout. He saw big Hosein run out of the alley, shouting and waving his arms.

"Please, Hosein!" cried Ali. "Please leave me alone! I must deliver my water!"

Hosein only laughed and ran around to the



back of the cart.

Ali heard water splashing, and hurried to the back of the cart, too. He saw that Hosein had opened the water spout, and the water was gushing out full force.

As Ali closed the faucet, the cart leaped forward, away from him. Hosein had run to the donkey and slapped him, and the donkey had started to trot.

"Hosein!" Ali pleaded again. "Please stop!"

Ali was very unhappy as he ran to catch the donkey. He was sure that Hosein was just teasing, and didn't mean any harm. But just the same he made Ali lose precious water and time.

JUST AS Ali had almost reached the donkey, Hosein sneaked up behind him and snatched off his skullcap. Then he threw it back down the street.

Ali's short little legs flashed as he ran back

after his cap, past a *droshkey* that was coming in the opposite direction. Ali snatched up his cap without stopping, and raced back after the trotting donkey. He saw that Hosein had turned on the water once more, and it was splattering in all directions on the hot asphalt.

Hosein must have thought that teasing Ali was a great joke, for he was bent over with laughter in the street. His eyes were closed, so he didn't see the *droshkey* coming in back of him.

"*Zudbash!* Look out!" the driver shouted, pulling on his reins and swerving the two snorting black horses toward the curb.

Hosein looked up just in time and jumped away from the big four-wheeled carriage and horses. He tripped as he came down, and his head banged on the pavement.

He lay quite still.

ALI HAD MANAGED to catch up with his cart and slow down the donkey. He had heard the *droshkey* driver shout and had seen Hosein fall. He was sure, though, that Hosein would jump up right away and start teasing him again.

When Ali had gone a little further, he looked back. He saw Hosein still lying in the street.

"*Ho!*" Ali cried to his donkey. He stood for a moment, watching Hosein, half suspecting another trick. Then he remembered his waiting customers.

With a shrug of his shoulders, Ali turned to go. He decided that Hosein could take care of himself. He wouldn't have bumped his head in the first place if he hadn't been teasing Ali.

Ali turned around to look at Hosein once more. He saw that Hosein hadn't moved yet. A new thought struck Ali. Maybe Hosein had got worse than a bump.

He ran back to Hosein and knelt beside him.

"Hosein!" Ali shook Hosein and turned him over. He saw a cut on his forehead where he had struck the pavement.

Ali ran back to his cart and got his little bucket. He then hurried to the ditch at the curb, and dipped up a pailful of the dirty, brown water.

He looked at it for a moment, then slowly poured it back into the ditch.

Although Hosein had teased him and wasted some of his

precious water, he was hurt now. He would need a drink of good water. He would also need to have the dirt washed out of his cut with fresh, pure water. The dirty water from the ditch might keep the cut from healing.

Ali hurried back with his pail of water from the barrel. Hosein was sitting up now, rubbing his head.

"Did you hurt your head much?" Ali asked.

"I must have bumped it pretty hard," Hosein answered. He took a long drink of water from the pail as Ali held it up for him.

"I'm sorry you did," Ali said. He poured some of the water on Hosein's forehead and washed the cut clean.

Hosein took the bucket and looked into it.

"Is this water from your cart, Ali?" he asked.

"Yes," Ali answered, helping him to his feet.

"I should think you would have been mad at me for teasing you so much, and wouldn't have wanted to help me," said Hosein, looking down at Ali.

"When someone is hurt, and needs help," Ali answered, "there is no time for anger."

Hosein looked at Ali for a moment. Then he put his arm about his shoulder.

"You are a fine friend, Ali," he said. "I am sorry I teased you."

Ali smiled happily when he heard that. Hosein patted Ali's shoulder. "I have made you late with your customers. I shall help you the rest of the day so that you will finish on time."

"Thank you, Hosein," Ali said, putting the pail back on the barrel's spout.

"*Borru!*" Hosein cried, whacking the donkey. It was an easy slap, this time.

THEY WALKED alongside the donkey, Hosein on one side and Ali on the other.

"Also," Hosein said, smiling across at Ali,

"I'm sorry I wasted your water. When I return home tonight, I shall tell my father the whole story. He will become a new customer, and you will more than make up for the lost water."

"Oh, thank you, Hosein!"

Ali was very happy. He would never again have to worry when he came to the alley on Shah Reza Street. He was friends with Hosein now. And with a new customer he would be able to take more *tomans* home to his family!



Indians in Washington

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

DID YOU KNOW that Indians once lived in the District of Columbia? In the map on the next page you will see where their homes, which look like quonset huts, were located. They held pow-wows where the U. S. Capitol was later built. Can you find their villages where the Pentagon now stands, and at the Navy base on Anacostia River?

THIS COULD BE called the story of a people who disappeared. These people once lived where our capital city is now, and, had it not been for Captain John Smith, there might have been no written record at all about them.

Fortunately we do have the account of Captain Smith and his companions. In 1608, one year after Jamestown, Virginia, was settled, Captain Smith came up the river which he named the Potomac. He tells of a fairly large town which he found on a branching river. He called both the town and that river Nacotchtank. Through different spellings the name has been changed to Anacostia.

No one thought then that in a few years the white men would increase in such numbers and that their land hunger would be so great that the Indians would disappear before them. But it was so. Seventy-five years after Captain Smith visited Nacotchtank, not an Indian was to be found in the vicinity.

And in a little over a hundred years more, when the capital city of the white men began to rise, no one thought anything about Indians. A few people did notice some curious stones. They were chipped on one side in patterns, something like the triangles and diamonds on the back of a small turtle. Many of these stones were used to pave the streets of the new city.

As the years passed some men grew curious about these "turtlebacks," as they were called.

Men from the Smithsonian Institution began searching for arrowheads. They knew that different tribes of Indians used different types of arrowheads.

They found, to their surprise, many kinds. But most were of white quartz or of light brown quartzite. White quartz was plentiful in the area. But where, these men wanted to know, did the light brown quartzite come from?

They searched and searched. And at last they found the Indians' quarry. The quartzite had come from cobblestones which were laid in layers on both sides of Piney Branch. These cobblestones were no larger than a man's hand, and they were all round and smooth. And beside the waters of this stream was a great pile of these "turtlebacks."

It was clear then that the "turtlebacks" were stones which the Indians had started to chip into arrowheads, chisels, and knives. For one reason or another they proved unsuitable and were thrown away.

While searching for arrowheads and their source, these men from the Smithsonian Institution found pieces of oblong cooking pots. Occasionally they found a whole pot. These pots were not made of clay as Indians' pots usually are. They were made of stone. Where on earth, these men wondered, did the Indians get the stone from which they could make cooking pots?

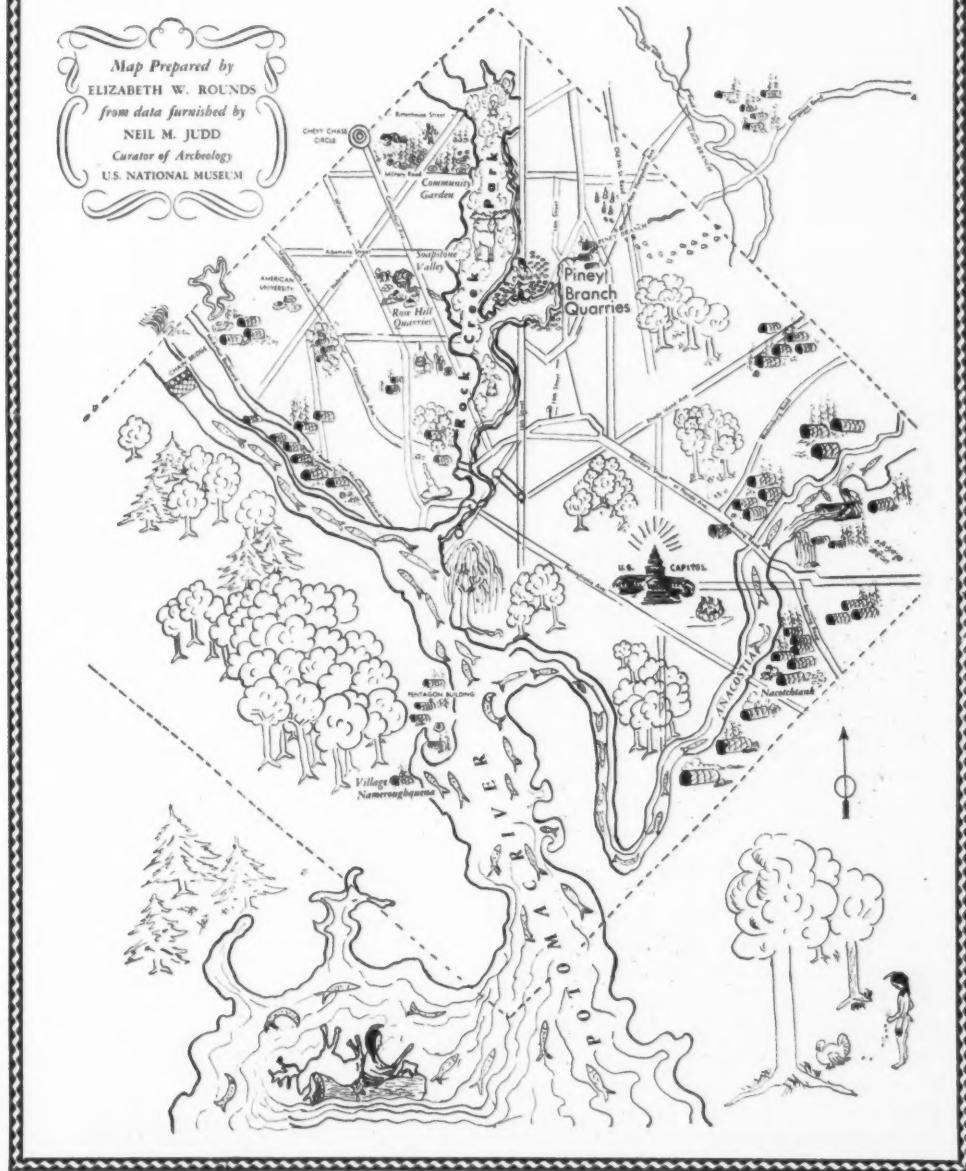
In seeking for the answer they found another kind of quarry—this time it was a quarry of soapstone. Soapstone is soft, slippery material, which can be worked.

Now in making their discoveries of quartzite and soapstone quarries, the seekers discovered little hoards of arrowheads and spearheads. Sometimes these were of flint and jasper and rhyolite. They found copper and shell ornaments too.

The seeking ones knew that many of these things came from distant places. Copper must have been mined by Lake Superior. The shell ornaments must have been brought from the seashore. There was no jasper nearer than Pennsylvania.

So, little by little the whole story of the lost people was put together from these clues. At last the seeking ones knew that the Indians who lived in this area depended for the most

Where the INDIANS Lived and Worked in the District of Columbia



part on trade. They were peaceful Indians, making arrowheads, spearheads, knives, and drills. Other Indians came from far and near to trade their goods for these things.

Due to the careful study of these men from the Smithsonian, a great deal is known now about these Indians. We know where their small houses were grouped and where their gardens of corn and pumpkins were. We can point out the sites of their quarries. And we

can stand on many a site of an Indian town. We even know that some of our highways follow ancient Indian trails.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW more about Indians in Washington long ago, read *LOST ARROWS* by Elizabeth Rounds, based on data furnished by Neil M. Judd, Curator of Archeology, U. S. National Museum. It contains the map, in large size, shown above. Order through Cleveland Park Community Library Committee, John Eaton School, 34th and Lowell Sts., N.W., Washington 8, D. C., 50¢.

Two Gypsy Boys

A True Story by
MARY E. McAVOY
American Red Cross Correspondent

Gypsy life is not always gay and free from care.
This story tells of two little gypsy brothers and
what happened to them because of the war.

*It was late last night when my lord came
home
Inquiring for his a-lady-O;
The servants said on every hand,
She's gone with the raggle-tangle gypsies—O.*

A LONG TIME AGO when English folk made up this song, people envied the gypsies for their carefree life. The gypsies could pack up their horses in a flash and take their music and their magic wherever they pleased.

But ever since people got automobiles and stopped believing in magic, the gypsies have had a more and more difficult time. The worst blow came when Hitler ordered gypsies wiped out. Gypsies did not have the kind of Aryan blood Hitler liked, and they would not pledge allegiance to the German state. Gypsies had always belonged to the world.

Many thousands of them were captured, put in concentration camps, and killed. After the war, those who had escaped Hitler's soldiers began to come out of hiding.

The Baudy family is one of those who, tired and hungry, decided to come out of the hilly countryside and try their luck in a city. They went to Marseille, a large French city.

One day a French Red Cross worker saw Raymond, age 4, and Charles, 5. She asked their mother to bring them to the clinic for an examination.

The doctor smiled at the little Baudy brothers when he finished the examination. Then he went to talk to their mother.

Charles helps his younger brother, Raymond, take off his shoes before climbing into bed for an afternoon nap at the children's home in France.

The next day, Raymond and Charles had a big surprise. They waved good-by to their father and mother, and joined a little group of boys and girls. Soon a French Red Cross woman in a blue uniform put them on a bus. After riding all morning, Raymond and Charles and the other children found themselves in a gray stone house, high on a hill.





AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS
BY KAY BRENNAN



Here, in the town of Serres, they were going to live, the French Red Cross woman told them, until they had had enough good food and sun and sleep to make them strong.

Raymond and Charles didn't know that they were almost sick; the doctor had told their mother that they had a beginning case of tuberculosis, and they needed special care immediately, to make them well again.

Of course, they didn't know either, that the sweaters the French Red Cross woman gave them to replace their threadbare, ill-fitting jackets had been made by Red Cross volunteers in a faraway place called America. They were too young to have been interested if she had tried to tell them. But the way the boys faces lit up with

In this children's home in Serres, France, operated by the French Red Cross, youngsters like Raymond and Charles are helped back to health.

bright smiles as they ran their hands across the soft, warm wool of their new sweaters would have made the American women very happy.

Raymond and Charles didn't like the home at first. They had to spend 21 days, all by themselves, in their own room at the back of the house. A nurse visited them every day, bringing food and games to play. But mostly they played by themselves.

Three times the doctor came to see them, and had them stand on the scales to be weighed. The last day, when he looked at the scales, he laughed, and patted Charles on the shoulder.

"You're going to be all right, son," he said.

In a few minutes the nurse appeared. "Today you will have your lunch in the dining room with the other children," she said.

Raymond and Charles were so excited to be with the other children that they almost forgot to eat. There were thick slices of brown bread and bowls of noodles for lunch. After their naps, the nurse told them they could go out in the garden to play.

The other children were climbing the apple tree beside the house. Raymond ran over quickly. But Charles stood and looked down at the valley below. He was 5, and so he could remember more than Raymond.

What was he remembering? He was thinking about the gypsy wagons, how they rumbled over the dirt roads and how his mother sang as they rode.

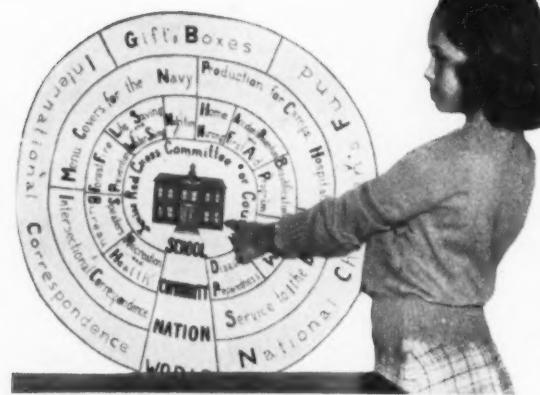
Charles turned. He would climb the tree, too, and play with the other children. But before long, when the doctor said they were well, he and Raymond would leave the gray stone house. They are gypsy boys, and gypsies do not stay very long in one place.

Mindful of the needs of others in—

our school

our community

our world



JRC chart, Madison County, Tennessee

→JRC members of Pleasant School, Oberlin, Ohio, exhibit soft toys they made for children overseas.

PHOTO BY JAMES NEVINS



Members of the
New York Scho
bring Thanksgiv
residents of the



ALT-LEE PHOTOGRAPHERS

The JRC Glee Club, Taylor School, Columbia, South Carolina, sings for veterans at a nearby hospital.



Table decorations were made by Oberlin, Ohio, Junior Red Cross members for a teachers' banquet.

A JRC member at Tennessee School for Blind puts a pocket toy into a child's garment to go overseas.



ROME SENTINEL PHOTO
bers of the JRC of Central Park, School for the Deaf Thanksgiving favors to go overseas.





From the Land of

*O Canada! where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea,
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
Thou True North, strong and free!*

—From Canada's National Anthem

SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE from our Canadian neighbors brings us glimpses of the life in cities like Toronto and Montreal, in small villages in Nova Scotia or British Columbia, or perhaps in Labrador or the Northwest Territories.

In autumn all Canada's country is ablaze with the red, green, and gold of its famous maple trees. The maple leaf is the emblem of the great Dominion to our North.

A letter from the Duke of Connaught School in Toronto to the Junior Red Cross in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, gives us a good geographical description of Canada.

"The Dominion of Canada reaches from ocean to ocean, and from the United States to the North Pole. But only the southern third is dotted with cities and towns and farm lands. The northern third contains the perpetually

DOLLS ON PARADE—JRC members at John R. Wilcox School, Ontario, send the admission fees from their doll parade to help children in Europe.



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frozen islands of the Arctic Ocean. The central third from east to west is mostly rich prairie land. It is waiting for better motor roads and railways and airways to open its treasure chest of minerals, timber, and furs.

"We realize that Canada—one of the most important dominions of the British Empire—seems a long way off to many people living in the United States. But Chicago is only 273 miles from the Ontario border! New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are within 380 miles.

"This land of tobacco plantations and Eskimos, of vineyards and trap lines lies almost at your doorstep."

FROM SCENIC SILVER STAR

SINCE CANADA is such a near neighbor, let's read further and learn more about this fine country where 827,000 young people carry on a fine and successful Junior Red Cross program much like your own.

Let's begin with a letter from a school for 22 pupils, grades 1 to 8, in Kedleston, British Columbia, far up on the west coast of Canada.

"Our school is about 7 miles from Vernon. In the early days this town was a stopping-off place for cattlemen bringing herds from the United States to our Caribou district.

"Our school is on the scenic highway which leads to Mount Aberdeen, or Silver Star, as it is popularly called. This mountain is 6,000 feet high and is snow-capped from September till June. It is called Silver Star because there were silver mines operating when the district was first opened up.

f the Maple Leaf

CANADIAN
School Correspondence



PHOTO FROM THE CANADIAN RED CROSS JUNIOR

A WISH COME TRUE—A Canadian "Mountie" visits Mackie Burnett, a Junior Red Cross patient from Trinidad, at the Children's Hospital, Halifax. Mackie had always wanted to see a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"The school itself is built on a steep hillside and we have no level ground on which we can play games. In spite of this we have good times.

"There are two rooms attached to the school where the teacher usually lives. But the teacher we have this year rides to and from school on horseback. Her home is only 4½ miles from school.

"In winter the men cut wood for fuel. It is so cold here in winter that most houses keep two or three fires burning all the time. Most of them burn cordwood. This means that a great number of men must spend the winter in the woods in order to ensure a good supply of fuel for both rural and urban homes.

"The prettiest and most unusual of our wild flowers is the Indian paintbrush. It is crimson or scarlet, and its petals stand out from the stem like hairs. Another pretty bush is the Japanese barberry. Late in the autumn its berries turn red and hang in clusters like grapes on a vine. They make attractive floral decorations for Christmas."

FROM A RURAL SCHOOL

FROM ANOTHER school comes this interesting report on life in Highland Park Community of the Peace River area in Alberta.

"Highland Park is a pioneer community. The first settlers came here in 1928. The country was heavily forested with poplar, spruce, and jack pine. The mosquitoes were so bad

that a smudge had to be carried. Moose, deer, bear, and bush rabbits were plentiful.

"We have some modern homes here. But most of our homes are log cabins with spruce bark to cover the roof. We raise cattle, pigs, chickens, oats, and wheat. Many farmers are still using horses for farm work, but a few have tractors. We are about 20 miles from the nearest town.

"In our two-room rural school there are 41 of us. It is a long building chinked with mud. We need two stoves to keep us warm in winter."

FROM A LAKESHORE SCHOOL

AT NORWAY HOUSE SCHOOL in Manitoba the Junior Red Cross is called the "Kee-cha-wa-was-ta-o" Branch. The secretary explains that this strange word means "Great Northern Lights."

"You are probably wondering what language the name comes from," write our Norway House School correspondents. "It is the Cree language used here by the Indians. James Evans invented the Cree alphabet. The signs are called 'syllabics' instead of 'letters.' One hundred years ago this year, the signs were first invented. (Continued on next page)

"James Evans did not have much material to work with. He wrote all the syllabics on pieces of birch bark. He mixed soot out of the chimneys with a little water to make ink.

"Our school stands on the shore of Playgreen Lake. It is surrounded on three sides by trees. This lake is dotted with islands, large and small. It is a fairly large lake and it can get very rough when there is a strong wind blowing. I suppose you have already guessed that we have to travel in boats wherever we want to go. This is thrilling especially if you have a lightweight boat and a high-powered engine. In winter we drive dog-teams over the ice."

FROM A LUMBER SECTION

A WAY OVER in the southeastern section of Canada next to our state of Maine lies the province of New Brunswick. Correspondence from this section tells us that lumbering is an important industry there.

"During the winter months many men go to the woods. They live in camps. They cut down spruce trees that are later made into paper. In the spring when the ice melts, the logs are sent down the Restigouche River to the paper mill. They are ground into pulp and then made into paper for newsprint. It is sent to the United States, England, and other places.

"In winter the Restigouche is frozen over. Fishermen take shanties out on the ice and live in them while they fish for smelt. They cut holes in the ice and set nets for these little fish."

FROM THE LAND OF DEEP SNOWS

DOES FISHING through the ice sound like cold work to you? In Canada people soon grow used to ice and snow. A letter sent last February from a Canadian school to a school in Missouri asked:

"Have you ever seen snow 100 inches on the level, and snow drifted to the tops of houses? That's what we've seen at Waterton this year. Many times the roads have been blocked for two weeks at a time, when we were out of foods such as bread and meat. The mail service was also at a standstill. The only transportation was snowshoeing and skiing.

"The deer have had a very difficult time finding food. Sometimes they would walk on

the snowdrifts to the housetops, to eat pine needles from the trees.

"This year's snowfall at Waterton has been more than it has ever been. From the beginning of November the total fall was 293 1/2 inches. The residents think that this year is the worst ever, but in April 1946, six feet of snow fell in a week and a half. In spite of the cold winter weather people enjoy living in Waterton Lakes Park."

FROM A FISHING CENTER

WE SOMETIMES hear Nova Scotia referred to as the land of *Evangeline*, because of Longfellow's well-known poem. The school at Green's Brook gives us a bit of history:

"The first inhabitants of Nova Scotia were Indians of the Micmac tribe. They lived in tents and hunted with bows and arrows. They fished in the streams.

"Sir William Alexander, a Scottish knight, named the land Nova Scotia, which means New Scotland. Nova Scotia was one of the first provinces to take part in the formation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867.

"Fishing is an important industry in Nova Scotia. In-shore and open-sea fishing are both carried on. The kinds of fish caught in salt water are cod, herring, haddock, halibut, hake, tuna, salmon, mackerel, and swordfish. Lobsters and crabs are trapped in-shore, and clams are easily dug.

"Salmon which go up rivers to spawn are sometimes caught in the fresh water. Trout and gaspereau are also caught in fresh water with lines and nets. Fish are shipped from Nova Scotia to all parts of the world."

THE WESTERN provinces have great wheat fields which help to provide bread for many hungry people abroad. Canada also exports minerals. Perhaps our northern Junior Red Cross friends will tell us more about these in future albums.

In Canada Thanksgiving Day falls on the second Monday in October and is closely related to the English "Harvest Home" as well as to the American Thanksgiving Day. Surely in a great country so full of varied resources and sturdy people there is much to be thankful for.

—ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON.



JRC members say . . .

WE SERVE

FROM THE many institutions Where the sick and helpless live, Comes a call along our heartstrings For the service we can give To the aged who are friendless; Little children in their need; Service men whose patient waiting, Is perhaps their bravest deed. Ours to share with them the bounty We so fortunately hold; Fill their hearts again with courage, And with hope and love untold. Ours to serve for those who suffer Life's dire tragedies today, And to give to them a portion Of the joys that come our way.

—Member of Junior Red Cross,
Harris County Chapter,
Houston, Texas.

WHY I ENROLLED IN JUNIOR RED CROSS

THE FACT that the Junior Red Cross is a service organization is one of the chief reasons for my enrollment. It gives boys and girls the opportunity to do

things for others that may bring a little happiness to them.

I find that the boys and girls who take an active part in Junior Red Cross work are learning to be better citizens in our democracy.

As we approach this Thanksgiving season and think for a moment of the many things for which we are thankful I think that membership in Junior Red Cross should be listed among them.

—Marie Horne, Grade 6,
Birmingham, Alabama.

I AM PROUD TO BELONG

THERE IS no mistake about the fact that Junior Red Cross is a grand organization. I am proud to be enrolled. Times and conditions change, but the problems and needs of men are everywhere and always the same. We have a kinship with humanity the world over.

Belonging to Junior Red Cross helps me to become better equipped for strong and fine living; it helps to develop such necessary traits of character as honesty, self-control, kindness, thrift, cooperation, courtesy, and

(Continued on page 26)

Kindergarten children in Whittier University School, Berkeley, California, bring money for their Service Fund when they enroll in Junior Red Cross.



PHOTO BY LOU LIPPI

Mrs. Twinkleton and the Junior Red Cross

A PLAY FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN

By LILLIAN DZURIK

Primary Teacher, Kentucky School,
Cleveland, Ohio

CHARACTERS—

Storyteller
Mrs. Twinkleton
Nurse Ann
Nurse Mae

Dr. Reid
Teacher
Children

STORYTELLER (Stands at side of stage)—Once upon a time there lived a sweet little old lady whose name was Mrs. Twinkleton. She lived with her husband, Mike, and her puppy Oscar, in Cleveland, Ohio. (Displays large picture of Mr. and Mrs. Twinkleton and their puppy)

She was the happiest little old lady you ever saw. You could always see the merry twinkle in her eyes.

But one day great sadness came into her life. Her husband was killed in an accident at work. Mrs. Twinkleton was left alone in the world. She became sick and she had no husband or children to take care of her. So she was taken to the County Nursing Home. (Displays large picture of Mrs. Twinkleton on a hospital bed. A doctor is giving her care)

But, would you believe this? It was the Junior Red Cross children of Kentucky School who brought happy, happy moments to this lady.

Our play opens in November 1947. It was the day before Thanksgiving. (Displays large picture of a boy with a hatchet. He is chasing a large turkey)

(Curtain opens. Storyteller sits at side of stage. Mrs. Twinkleton is lying in a hospital bed)

NURSE ANN (Enters) — Good morning, Mrs. Twinkleton.

MRS. TWINKLETON—Good morning, Nurse Ann.

NURSE ANN—I am expecting a caller for you this morning.

MRS. TWINKLETON—For me? But I have no relatives. I'm all alone in the world now.

NURSE ANN—Wait a moment. You will see that you have fine friends. (Walks to door) Won't

you step in, please? (Teacher and three children follow the nurse to the patient's bed) Mrs. Twinkleton, this is Miss Walker from Kentucky School.

MRS. TWINKLETON (Shakes Miss Walker's hand)— How do you do?

TEACHER—My children brought plants to the County Nursing Home today. Would you like this little Thanksgiving gift?

MRS. TWINKLETON—Oh, yes, please.

TEACHER—Tommy, show your plant.

TOMMY (Holds plant up)—I helped plant this. It grew so fast.

NURSE ANN—You may put your plant on Mrs. Twinkleton's stand.

TEACHER—June, show what you brought for her.

JUNE—Here is a watering can. It was my job to water your plant on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

MRS. TWINKLETON—I'll take good care of the plant. And I'll be sure to remember to water it on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

JUNE—I'll put it on your stand with your plant. (Places watering can on nightstand)

BEVERLY—I have something for you, too. This is a little quilt you can use to keep your



toes warm this winter. (She and June display cross-stitch quilt children made)

NURSE ANN—Isn't it beautiful? Let's put it over Mrs. Twinkleton's toes right now.

BEVERLY—It was so much fun to sew on this when I finished my arithmetic early. I made four of the blocks myself.

TEACHER—We must be leaving now. I'll send my children to see you again, Mrs. Twinkleton.

MRS. TWINKLETON—Oh, thank you so much! Good-by.

CHILDREN—Good-by. (Teacher and children leave)

STORYTELLER (Stands at side of stage)—December seemed to pass so slowly for Mrs. Twinkleton.

(A slow march is played behind stage while a child carrying a December calendar walks slowly across the stage)

STORYTELLER—Poor Mrs. Twinkleton became quite ill. It was Nurse Ann who had to water the plant after all.

(Nurse covers patient; then she waters the plant children brought her)

STORYTELLER—Christmas was coming. Mrs. Twinkleton was worse. Dr. Reid and Nurse Mae came to check her every morning.

NURSE ANN (At telephone) Calling—Nurse Mae! Calling—Nurse Mae! Room 100.

NURSE MAE (Enters)—Good morning, Nurse Ann.

NURSE ANN—Good morning. I sent for you because Mrs. Twinkleton is getting worse.

NURSE MAE—I'll take her temperature. (Uses toy thermometer) Oh my! Her fever is getting worse. You'd better call Dr. Reid.

NURSE ANN (At telephone)—Calling—Dr. Reid! Calling—Dr. Reid! Room 100.

DR. REID (Enters carrying black bag)—Good morning.

NURSE ANN—Good morning. We sent for you because Mrs. Twinkleton is getting worse.

DR. REID—I'll check her. (Uses stethoscope) I'll come back again this afternoon.

(Dr. Reid and Nurse Mae leave)

STORYTELLER—Some Junior Red Cross children brought a Christmas tree for her room and many Junior Red Cross carolers passed through the nursing home to cheer all patients.

(Two children bring a tree and light it for her. About 12 children come in and sing "Silent Night." As they leave the nurse removes the tree)

STORYTELLER—Mrs. Twinkleton got much better again. January seemed to pass so nicely for her.

(Some gay skipping music is played backstage. A child skips across the stage with a January calendar. As he turns the calendar over, a valentine is seen with the date February 14 above it)

STORYTELLER (Points to the valentine heart child is holding) February 14th. It is Valentine's Day at the County Nursing Home.

CHILDREN (Enter)—Valentine Greetings! (Sing "The Postman Song." One child is dressed as postman. He sings the second stanza solo and hands the patient a lovely lacy valentine)

MRS. TWINKLETON—This is the nicest valentine I've ever received.

ILEEN (A singer)—That was made especially for you. A little girl, only 6 years old made it.

MRS. TWINKLETON—Thank you! And will you thank that little girl for me?

ILEEN—Yes. I will. Good-by.

(Children leave. They hum the "Valentine Song")

STORYTELLER—March 3rd, 1948. It is 10 o'clock at the County Nursing Home.

NURSE MAE (Enters with Dr. Reid)—Would you care for a glass of milk, dear? Your friends at Kentucky School sent some fruit, too. What would you like?

MRS. TWINKLETON (Takes apple from fruit dish)—I'll take a nice red apple.

NURSE ANN—Oh! an apple. It looks like she wants to keep you away, Doctor.

DR. REID—Yes, it does. An apple a day keeps the Doctor away. I guess I'd better be leaving.

NURSE ANN—Stay a minute longer, Dr. Reid. We have a surprise for you. And Mrs. Twinkleton, too. Some of Mrs. Twinkleton's Junior Red Cross friends have come to sing for her. You'll want to hear them, I know. (Children gather near Mrs. Twinkleton and sing Junior Red Cross "Song of Service")

CURTAIN CLOSES



CATHERINE BLANTON—

The "Little Lady of the Golden Key"
—a biography by Claire Lee Purdy



IN TUCSON, Arizona, lives a little lady, not 5 feet tall. Because of a severe case of infantile paralysis in her third year, she walks with the aid of heavy braces and crutches. In spite of her handicaps, Catherine Blanton has become a well-known writer for children.

Some readers of the American Junior Red Cross News will remember Miss Blanton's story of "The Three Miracles." This told about a little Mexican boy and his American playmate who was a cripple. Because children loved this story, it was later published in book form.

Now many of them write to Miss Blanton to tell her how much they like to read her book. Some even say they put it under their pillows to dream on at night.

This friendly little book has even carried the good-neighbor policy south of the border. In Mexico City you can find it in the bookstores there.

Of course you remember the story of "Pedro and Popo," which appeared a year ago in the October News. Everyone loved this story, which is said to be the first story written for children about bull-fighting. It will be published as a book this fall, called "Pedro's Choice."

"The Dear Little House," on the next three pages of the News, is Miss Blanton's latest story.

MISS BLANTON writes most of her stories as she sits on the front porch of her home, in the warm Arizona sunshine. As she writes busily on the lap board which fits her favorite chair, she reminds us of little Jenny Wren, the doll's dressmaker, who was made famous by Charles Dickens. Jenny Wren used to call out in a high little voice when visitors came: "I can't get up because my back's bad, and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house."

Catherine Blanton was born in San Angelo, Texas, where her father's family had been pioneer cattle people. When she was a baby, her parents moved to Alberta, Canada. There she became ill with the disease that crippled her.

Seeking health for Catherine, the family moved to Arizona. In the years that followed, Catherine's father managed a number of Arizona cattle ranches.

During her grammar-school days, many of Catherine's classmates were Mexican children. The warm sympathy of these shy children went out to the crippled child. When others forgot, they always remembered to help her so that "her crutches" would not slip.

In tribute to these school friends, many of Catherine Blanton's stories are set in Mexico, or on the border. Among these are "Ramon's Easter" and "The Runaway Goat."

Catherine Blanton has published more than seventy short stories, articles, and plays, in addition to her book-length tales. She says her success as an author is due mainly to "staying at it." She tells how one of her first stories found a publisher only after it had been sent out *sixty* times.

HAMILTON W. MABIE once spoke of Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of such childhood favorites as *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, as "our lady of the golden key."

To explain this title, he described a fanciful land of dreams and laughter where only children lived. As soon as they grew up, they had to leave. "But to some," he said, "a golden key is given, and they go back to that country at will and see the children playing the old games and hear the old voices, the old shouts, the old songs, and share the old secrets."

Surely one of those golden keys belongs to Catherine Blanton!



The Dear Little House

Little Folks' Story by
CATHERINE BLANTON

Pictures by Margaret Waring Buck

DEEP IN THE woods of Happy Hollow there was a Dear Little House. It was quite different from all the other houses for it became like the people who lived in it.

Now the last family that had lived in the Dear Little House was a family of blue birds. Because they were always happy and cheerful, it had grown into a large and lovely place. But one day the blue birds flew away. So the Dear Little House waited and slept in the sun.

Crochety Hen pecked angrily at the grains of corn. "If Mistress thinks I'm going to lay an egg every day and then have it snatched right out of my nest, she's mistaken."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Cocker Rock.

Crochety Hen looked up in surprise. "Why, I—I'll just go away from here. I'll get a place of my own."

Before long she was on her way in the direction of Happy Hollow.

It was almost night when she came upon the Dear Little House. "What a love of a place," she cried. "And empty too."

Without another word she moved in.

"My," said the Dear Little House, "it's nice to have a family again."

So the days went by and Crochety Hen was happy.

NOW TAYLOR TOMCAT had grown sleek and fat. He slept all day. But every time Mistress came around she took a broom to him.

"Drat that woman," said Taylor Tomcat, running for the barn. "She won't let a body have any rest."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Cocker Rock.

Taylor Tomcat looked up in surprise. "Why, I—I'll just go away from here."

Off he ran in the direction of Happy Hollow.

It was almost night when he came upon the Dear Little House. "Well," said Taylor Tomcat, "looks like this is the place for me."

At first Crochety Hen wasn't willing to





share her home with Taylor Tomcat. But he promised to help with the work so she finally consented.

For a while all went well. But soon Crochety Hen and Taylor Tomcat were quarreling.

"You lie abed and let me do all the work," complained Crochety Hen.

"You're too particular," hissed Taylor Tomcat.

And slowly the Dear Little House began changing. The rooms grew smaller and the windows clouded over. Crochety Hen fussed and rubbed. But they wouldn't stay clean.

BRown Boy moved about restlessly. "Tending sheep is no work for a dog," he said. "I should be free. Free!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Cocker Rock.

Brown Boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I—I'll just go away from here. I'll be free." Off he scampered in the direction of Happy Hollow.

It was almost night when he came upon the Dear Little House.

Now Crochety Hen and Taylor Tomcat didn't care to take Brown Boy in. But he begged very hard.

"The house seems crowded with two," said Crochety Hen.

"Well, it's all right with me," yawned Taylor Tomcat, "if you share in the work."

So they finally agreed and Brown Boy moved into the Dear Little House. Soon the three were quarreling from morning until night.

And the Dear Little House changed more and more. Its paint began to fall off and the roof sagged at the corners.

ALL I DO is work and work," fussed Dottie Jean. "Seems I never have any time for play." Slowly the little girl scattered the grain over the barnyard lot. "Now if I had a place of my own I'd never do anything I didn't want to!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Cocker Rock.

Dottie Jean looked up in surprise. "Why, I'll run away!" Off she hurried down the path toward Happy Hollow.

It was almost night when Dottie Jean came upon the Dear Little House. She knocked on the door.

"Oh, dear," cried Crochety Hen, "I don't see how the house can hold another person!"

"But I wouldn't take much room," said Dottie Jean.

"Let her come in," yawned Taylor Tomcat. "She can help with the work."

"Sure," said Brown Boy, "then I'll be free to roam the woods."

So Dottie Jean moved into the Dear Little House. And because she had never

before had a place of her own and it was new to her, everything went well at first.

"Oh, my," said the Dear Little House, "how nice to have peace and joy inside at last!"



BUT THE peace and joy didn't last long. For soon Dottie Jean tired of working. Crochety Hen could never be satisfied. Taylor Tomcat slept all the time. While Brown Boy went off and came back when it pleased him.



"I declare," exclaimed Crochety Hen, "seems this house is going to fall down around our heads."

"I think I know why," said Dottie Jean. "I think our house grows smaller and uglier because Crochety Hen is so fussy, and Taylor Tomcat is lazy, and Brown Boy wants to run around all the time. And because I want to do just as I please."

The animals slowly nodded their heads. "Yes," said Crochety Hen. "When I first came the house was large and cheery. Then when Taylor Tomcat came and we began fussing the house started to change."

"Let's see if we can make it change back," suggested Dottie Jean.

The Dear Little House could hardly believe its ears. But change things they did. And the house grew large and bright again.

"Oh, my," said the Dear Little House, "what a wonderful family I have."

THEN ONE DAY Dottie Jean said, "I have learned that to be happy everyone must do his part. Now I think I might as well go home and do my work there."

Crochety Hen nodded her head. "I'll go with you. No one enjoys my eggs like Mistress does."

"In that case, I'll go too," said Taylor Tomcat. "I'm getting too fat sleeping all the time."

Brown Boy sat up on his haunches. "And I've missed my sheep. It's good to feel somebody needs you."

"Oh, my," said the Dear Little House, "I never was so happy before!"

"Thank you, Dear Little House," said Dottie Jean. "I hope your next family will learn their lesson sooner."

JRC members say . . .

(Continued from page 19)

good will. These traits will become a part of me and help me to live a happy, worthy, and useful life.

—Henry Crawford, Grade 7,
Birmingham, Alabama.

WE FILL GIFT BOXES

JUST BEFORE Christmas, each class in our school filled a box with little gifts. These boxes go to children in other countries. We try to pack the boxes tight with such things as soap, pencils, washcloths, beads, balls, marbles, and toothbrushes. The NEWS often prints pictures of children receiving boxes like ours. We can see the great joy expressed.

—Ethel Finch, Grade 4,
Monterey, California.

SERVING OTHERS

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS is interested in international activities, service for veterans, health and safety, conservation, and community service. I am also interested in these things and wish to take part in them.

We pack gift boxes for children overseas. I like doing this because the packages make the children happy, and at the same time promote good will with other countries.

We are taught to conserve our natural resources.

This is important for the future of our country. We are also taught about health and safety which means a great deal to all of us.

All in all I think that being a member of the Junior Red Cross gives you something and also makes you feel you are being of service to others.

—Patricia Quan, Grade 5,
Birmingham, Alabama.

WE LIKE JUNIOR RED CROSS

WE THOUGHT it was fun to fill two gift boxes to send across the ocean. We hope the children will enjoy them. We sent pencils, soap, anklets, hair clasps, washcloths, and other articles.

We liked the Red Cross buttons. The Junior Red Cross magazine has lovely stories in it.

—Jerry Berens, Grade 2,
St. Lawrence, South Dakota.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS HELPS OTHERS

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS is an organization that helps others all over the world. It helps boys and girls of all nations to understand each other better.

I hope people everywhere will help with the work of the Red Cross.

—Joan Marie Storm, Grade 4,
St. Lawrence, South Dakota.

Correspondence Albums

DID YOUR SCHOOL ever receive one of the beautiful albums sent from some school in another country? If you did, you will know what a real thrill you had. You looked at the pictures and read about what the boys and girls had written about their country.

The boys and girls overseas want to hear from your class too. You should begin planning your album early in the school year. Then it will have a good chance to reach its destination before the close of school overseas.

From the *Australian Junior* of May-June 1948 comes this suggestion about covers for albums:

"The cover of an International Portfolio is like the outside of a house. It is an indication of what may be expected inside. Covers should attract at first sight, but covers should be made to protect the album from wear and tear."

Why not begin your album this very day?

Thank-You Letters

ON THE back cover of this issue of the NEWS are four of the many thank-you letters written by boys and girls in Czechoslovakia, thanking their friends in the American Junior Red Cross for the gifts they have sent.

As you see, each of the letters is made gay and attractive with a lovely, hand-drawn floral border. On the original letters these borders were painted in gay bright colors.

UPPER LEFT: The first line in Czech reads: "Thanks from the Youth of the Czechoslovak Red Cross." Then you can read the rest of the letter, in its quaint English, for yourselves. It is signed by the children in the town of Velka Calomija.

UPPER RIGHT: "The state public school in Zahorciach thanks most heartily the American Junior Red Cross for the gifts."

LOWER LEFT: "The children of the state public school in Bartosova Lehotka express here-with sincerest thanks for the help of the American Junior Red Cross."

LOWER RIGHT: The youth of the Czechoslovak Red Cross in H. Plachtinciach thank the American Junior Red Cross! We have received tablets, pens, pencils, colored pencils, toothbrushes, and many other little things."



*Words and Music by Class 2A-3B,
Oliver Cromwell School, Baltimore, Maryland.*

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

BASIL O'CONNOR.....	President
The American National Red Cross	
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....	Vice President
for School and College Activities, The American	
National Red Cross	
EDWARD A. RICHARDS. Director, American Junior Red Cross	
THOMAS A. DEVINE.....	Assistant Director
WILLIAM J. FLYNN.....	Assistant Director
ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON.....	Assistant Director
•	
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ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON.....	Contributing Editor

**The American Junior Red Cross is the
American Red Cross in the schools**

Coming Next Month

- **Christmas** is coming in your December NEWS!
- **An old German folk tale** will be retold in a story called "The Golden Cobwebs." It is all about little spider-creatures and what happened to them on Christmas eve.
- "The Littlest Star" is a Christmas story you will remember every time you look up and see the stars shining in the sky.
- The lovely way Jewish children celebrate Hanukah, their holiday in December, will be told for you in "Festival Lights."

Dorast CSCK dăkuje.

The Slovac children send the best love and the greatest thanks to the American children for the esteemed sending of a school things and a presents.

Veľká Čalozaya 15.nov.1947

okr. M. Kureňa

With
grateful
hearts...
We
thank
you!

Štátne ľud. škola v Táboriach

Dorast Českoslov. ľ. Krúža
v Táboriach.

Siedme dăkuje za darčeky
Dorastu Čeverskemu Kľúču
v Amerike.

Anna Matušová
Ladislav Majerová
Jánová Majerová
Sofia Matušová



Jan Černý
Tábor



▲ Polish boys and girls exhibit thank-you letters they have written for the gift boxes sent to them by their friends of the American Junior Red Cross.

Translation of the four beautiful thank-you letters from Czechoslovakia is given on page 26 of the NEWS.

DČSČK v H. Plachlinciach
dăkuje
americkému DČK

Dostali sme: písanky, ceruzky,
perá, hračky, jach, húžky,
kľúčky na čistenie zubov, atď.

Za žiac samosprávni

